

Johnny Mack Brown





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BEST IN THE WEST

BEN LILLY: LAST OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN

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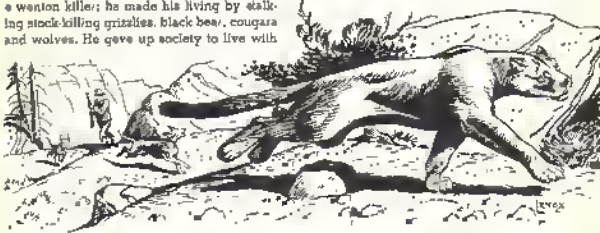


Ben Lilly was the last of the mountain men — the lonely, hard-bitten breed of men who hunted, trapped and scouted the rugged, mountainous terrain of the early West. He left behind a record which proved him the greatest hunter of his time — the best in the West.

This mild-mannered mountain man was not a wonton killer; he made his living by stalking stock-killing grizzlies, black bears, cougars and wolves. He gave up society to live with

and love the animals he hunted. Finally, he could follow a cold trail even better than his own hunting hounds.

With simple candor, he professed to speaking the language which wild animals understood. After a half century of living among them, perhaps he had learned to talk with them. At least, he could read their intentions on the trail, and outguess them all.



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JOHNNY MACK BROWN

and
The
BOW-AND-ARROW
KILLER

THAT VALLEY LOOKS TOO
PEACEFUL TO BE AS FULL
OF DEATH AND MYSTERY AS
SHERIFF LOPER WROTE US.
EH, REBEL?

WHUH-WUH!

HEY! THAT WAS A SHOT!
COULD BE A HUNTER...
BUT I'D BETTER TAKE
A LOOKSS!

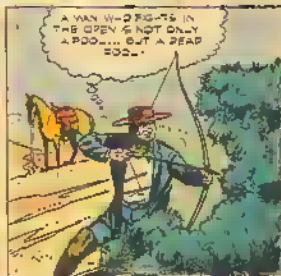
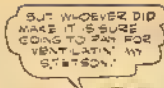
BLAM!

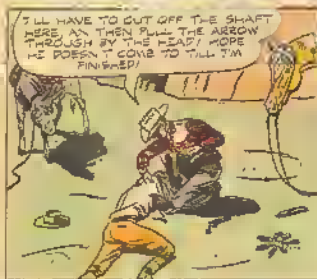
COME ON, MOVE, BOY!

HEY...

Z-ZING!

WHAT IN THE BLAZES
IS GOING ON AROUND
HERE... AN INDIAN WAR?





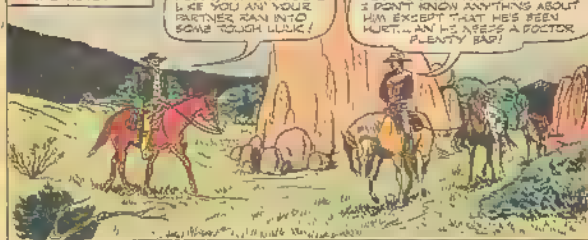


NOTHIN' TO DO BUT TIE HIM INTO HIS SADDLE! AN' HOPE FOR THE BEST!



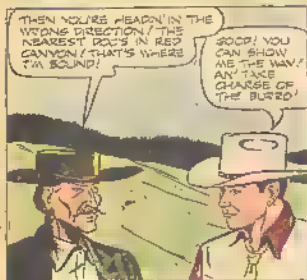
TAKE IT SLOW AN' EASY REBEL!

HALF A MILE DOWN THE TRAIL...



HONKY, MYSTER! LOOKS LIKE YOU AN' YOUR PARTNER RAN INTO SOME TOUGH LUCK!

HE'S NOT MY PARTNER! IN FACT, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM EXCEPT THAT HE'S BEEN KURT... AN' HE NEEDS A DOCTOR, PLENTY BAD!



THEN YOU'RE HEADIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! THE NEAREST DOCS IN RED CANYON! THAT'S WHERE I'M BOUND!

GOOD! YOU CAN SHOW ME THE WAY! AN' TAKE CHARGE OF THE BURRO!



NO NEED YOUR. GOIN' TOO! I CAN HANDLE THE WHOLE WORKS!

I DON'T DOUBT IT! BUT I'M NOT LEAVIN' THIS HOWEER TILL...

WRONG, MISTER / DROP THAT
LEAD ROPE AN' REACH!



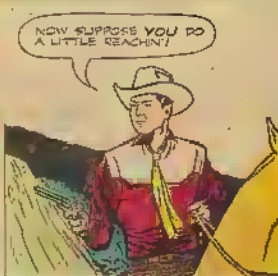
UP, REBEL!
AT HIM!



CALL HIM OFF / HE'LL
KILL ME!



NOW SUPPOSE YOU DO
A LITTLE REACHIN'!



DROP THAT GUN, CONBOY! OR
I'LL DRILL YOU!

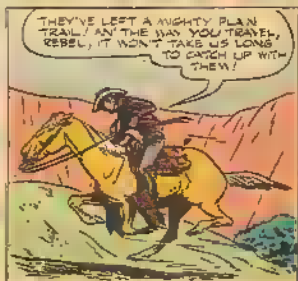
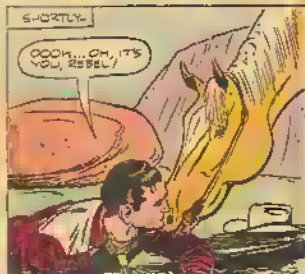
WHAT?

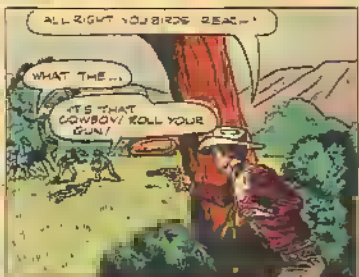
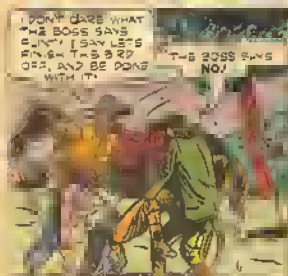
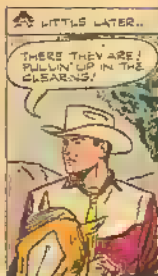


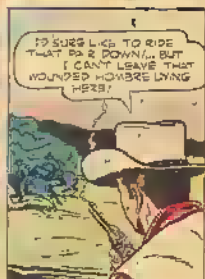
IT'S 'BOUT
TIME YOU
SHOVED UP!

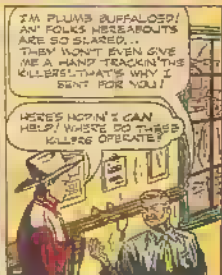
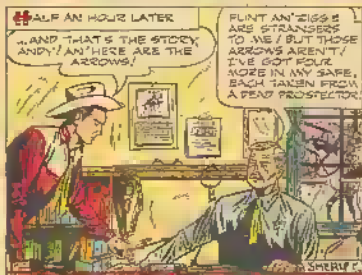
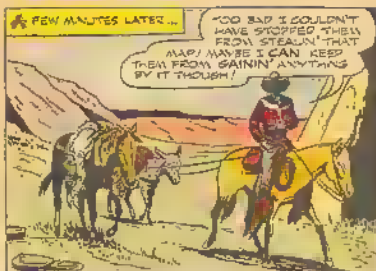
NOW FALL OUT O'
THAT SADDLE, JASPER! I'AN
NO TRICKS!











WITHIN A TWENTY-MILE
RADIUS O' KIDNA PEAK
THERE'S A LOST COPPER
MINE LEGEND FOR
EVERY SQUARE FOOT O'
THE TERRITORY!



AND AS A RESULT
THAT SECTOR'S
CRAWLIN' WITH
PROSPECTORS!

AND, LIKE BAKER,
I SUPPOSE EACH
HAS HIS OWN
LOST TREASURE
MAP!



RECKON NINE OUT O'
TEN DO! BUT NONE
O' THE MURDERED...
SAY! D'YOU SUPPOSE
THAT WAS WHY THEY
WERE KILLED? FOR
THEIR MAPS?

PROBABLY! IT
WAS THE
MOTIVE FOR
ATTACKIN'
BAKER! WISH
I'D GOTTEN A
GOOD LOOK
AT THAT
BALCONINO'S
RUSE!



MAYBE YOU CAN
TRACE THE
BALCONINO! THERE
AREN'T MORE'N
HALF A DOZEN O'
'EM IN THE WHOLE
COUNTY!

THAT'S A GOOD
IDEA, ANDY! GIVE
ME A LIST OF
THEIR OWNERS!
I'LL GET ON IT
FIRST THING IN
THE MORNIN'!



THE NEXT DAY...

HHMM... NOT VERY
PROSPEROUS...
LOOKIN' ACCORDIN'
TO ANDY, IT'S A
WASTE O' TIME TO
CHECK HERE!
EVEN IF WE S' HAD
LO PERCE IS A
LEADIN' CITIZEN!



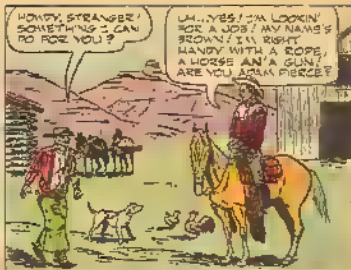
BUT THAT DOESN'T
MEAN HE'S AN
INNOCENT ONE!
GREAT SCOTT!
THERE'S THAT
BLAZED-FACED
SCREW!



IS HE ISN'T THE HORSE
FLINT WAS STEADOLIN' IN
LOGO? RECKON THIS
SPREAD CAN STAND
INVESTIGATIN'!

HONKY, STRANGER!
SOMETHING I CAN
DO FOR YOU?

UH...YES! I'M LOOKIN'
FOR A JOB! MY NAME'S
BROWN! I'M RIGHT
HANDY WITH A ROPE,
A HORSE AN' A GUN!
ARE YOU A MAN PIERCE?



NO, I'M HIS ROZEMAN,
BFF GAGE... AND IF
YOU REALLY WANT A
JOB, YOU'RE WIRED!
I'M SHOOTHANDS...
AND WE'VE GOT
SOME LINE RIDIN'
TO DO!

SURE HE IS! BUT
HOW COME
YOU'RE RIDIN'
LINE?



MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I
DON'T TRUST A NEW
HAND TO WORK ALONE
TILL I'VE SEEN FOR
MYSELF HOW SEASONED
HE IS!

THAT MAKES
SENSE!

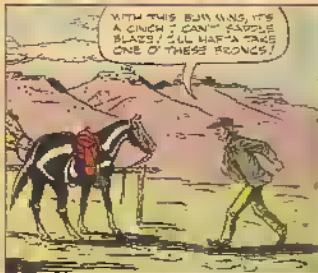
IT'S THAT
WOGG COMPOKE!



I GOT NO BUSINESS
LEAVIN' HERE, BUT
I'VE GOTTA GET THIS
NEWS TO THE BOYS
-PRONTO!



WITH THIS BUN KINS, IT'S
A CINCH I CAN'T SADDLE
BLAZE! I'LL HAF-A TAKE
ONE O' THESE FRONCS!



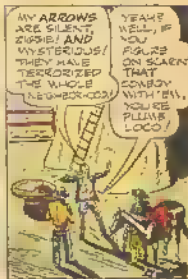
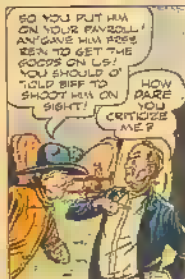
20 TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

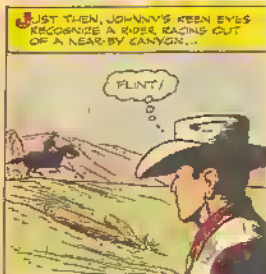
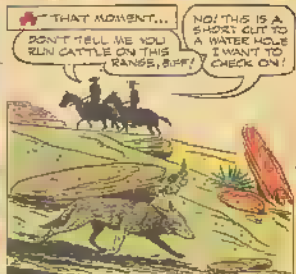
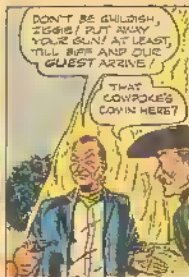
PLINT! DIDN'T I TELL YOU
TO STAY UNDER COVER
TILL THAT ARM HEALED?

YEAH, BUT I HAD TO
COME! BIFF'S HIRING
THAT INTERFERIN'
COMPOKE AS ONE O'
YOUR LINE RIDERS!

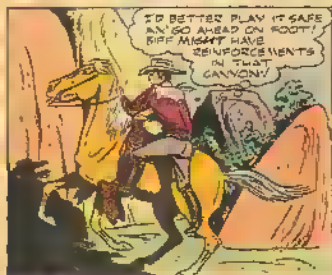
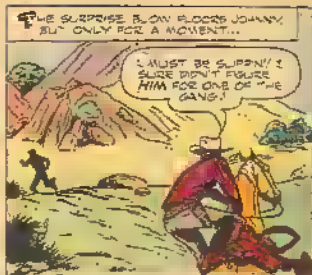


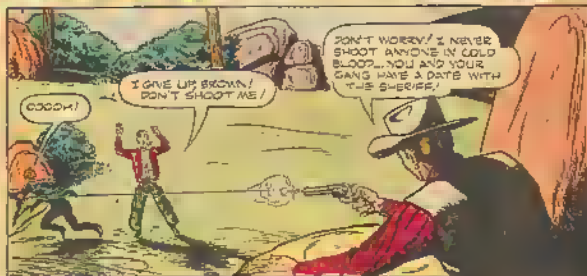
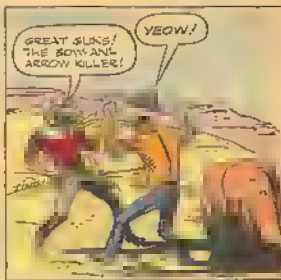
CERTAINLY, IF HE ASKED FOR
WORK! YOU SEE, I KNEW HE
WOULD CHECK EVERY PALOMINO
IN THE COUNTRY, AND THIS WAS
BOUND TO LEAD HIM TO ME!







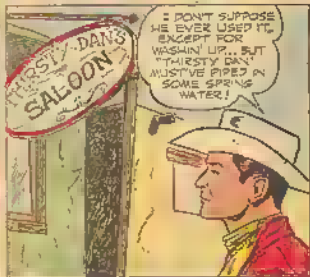
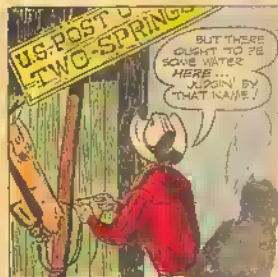


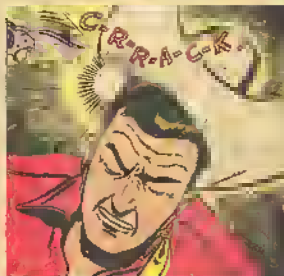


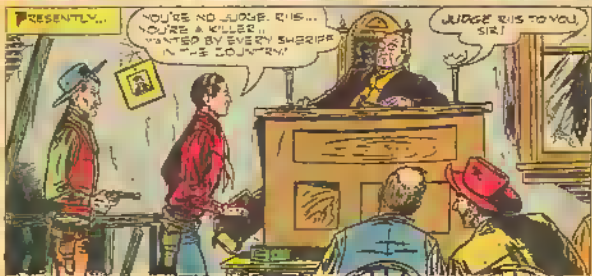
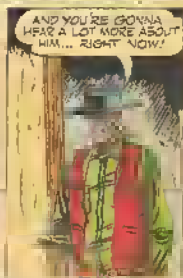
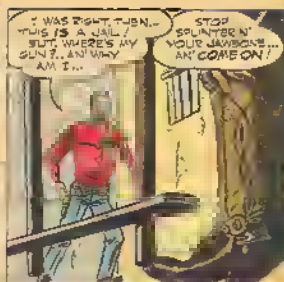
JOHNNY HUCK BROWN

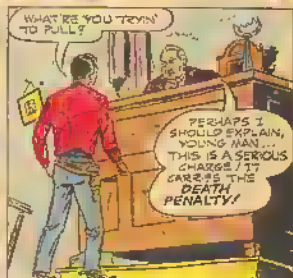
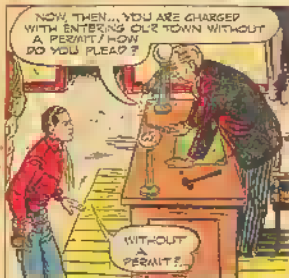
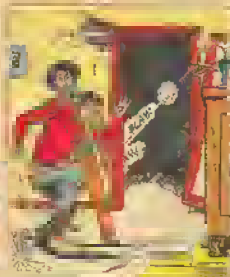
In Town for Outlaws Only

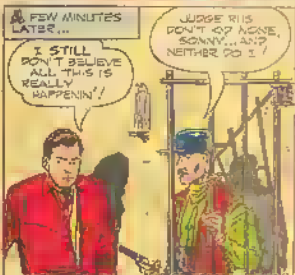
AS JOHNNY HUCK BROWN STOPS IN TWO SPRINGS FOR THE FIRST TIME...

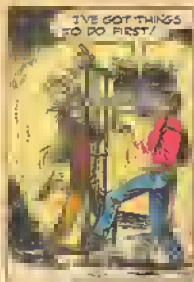


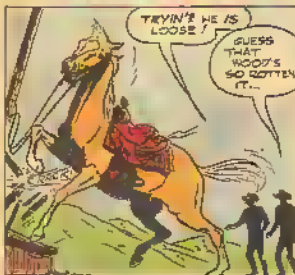












COME ON, REBEL...
S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

BLAM!

BLAM!

STOP!
STOP SHOOTING,
YOU FOOLS!

NOW!
WHAT'S GOING ON
OUT HERE?

THAT STRANGER
YOU SENTENCED
THIS MORNIN',
JUDGE...

HE'S GETTIN'
AWAY!
WE MUSTVE
BUSTED
OUT OF
JAIL!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE
I TOLD YOU NOT TO
FIRE GUNS AROUND
HERE? IT ATTRACTS
ATTENTION!

BUT HE
WAS ESCAPIN',
BOSS!

MY GUARDS UP IN THE
MOUNTAINS WILL TAKE CARE OF
OUR GUESTS... DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT!

MEANTIME, BRING ME THE
MAN WHO LET HIM GET AWAY.
I'M GOING TO HOLD COURT
AGAIN!



AND WHEN THEY BRING OUR
FRIEND BACK, WE'LL MAKE IT A
DOUBLE NECKTIE PARTY!..



MEANTIME...

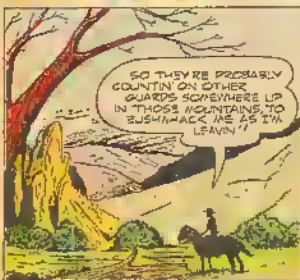
WHOA, REBEL
NO ONE'S
CHASIN' US!



FUNNY! UNLESS... I GET IT!
THERE MUST'VE BEEN A LOOKOUT
TO WARN 'EM I WAS COMIN' TO
TOWN...



SO THEY'RE PROBABLY
COUNTIN' ON OTHER
GUARDS SOMEWHERE UP
IN THOSE MOUNTAINS, TO
BUSHWHACK ME AS I'M
LEAVIN'!



IT'S GOING TO BE ROUGH,
GETTING OUT OF THIS! SO IF
I DON'T MAKE IT, MAYBE REBEL
CAN GET A NOTE THROUGH
TO THE NEXT TOWN!..



THERE! THAT OUGHT
TO DO IT!

Killer Russ
and gang
hold up in
canyon at
Two Springs
Bring posse!
Johnny Redburn

NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN
SLIP BY THOSE GUARDS!
I'D RATHER BRING A POSSE
BACK IN PERSON!

WATER, IN THE MOUNTAINS...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS
IT! HE'S GOT A RIFLE,
TOO!

POW!

ANOTHER ONE...
SEND ME! I'M TRAPPED!

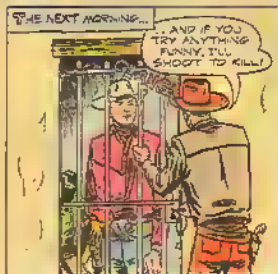
POW!

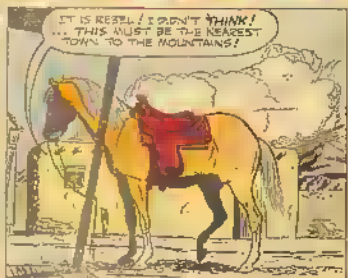
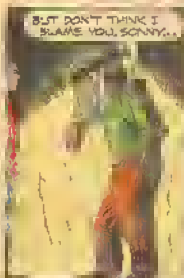
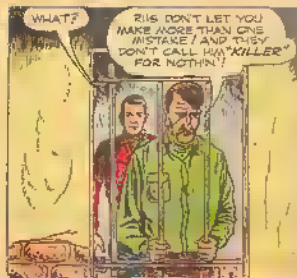
POW!
POW!

WATER, REBEL!
HEAD FOR WATER!

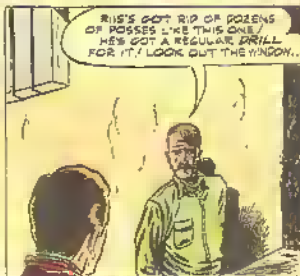
BOTH OF US'D NEVER MAKE
IT, REBEL... BUT MAYBE
YOU CAN GET DOWN THAT
MOUNTAIN SIDE ALONE!



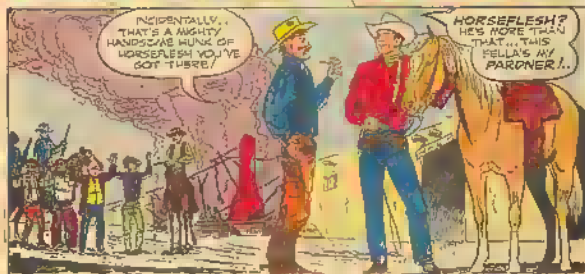
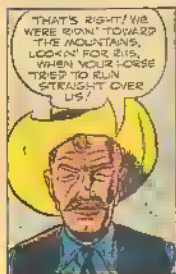
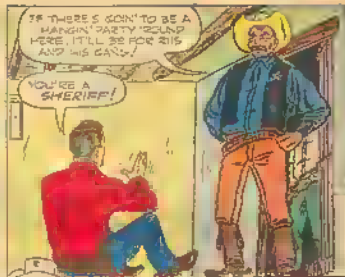
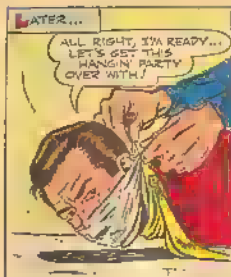












FOUR MAPS TO DEATH

DAVE DICK, TOLD BY
WESTERN EDITING & ARTS



In 1887, a man named Richard Travis found ten thousand dollars in gold and silver which had been uncovered by a flash flood in the vicinity of El Tigre, Mexico, just south of the Arizona border. This gold and silver was but a small part of more than a million dollars in Mexican loot which had been buried by four hard-pressed bandits in 1879.

The four fugitives were James Bachelor and John Quigley, Americans; and Francisco Gomez and Salvador Delgado, Mexicans. After burying the loot, the four bandits drew a map of the location, and divided it into four parts, each taking one quarter. Then they separated for a safer getaway from pursuing Rurales.

Although the desperados intended to meet later, reassemble their map and recover the loot, the holders of each section of the map soon died a violent death. Delgado was recognized and shot by Mexican Rurales. Gomez was killed while resisting arrest by a California sheriff. Bachelor was caught, convicted of murder, and died in jail. Quigley lived to re-

turn, and try to recover the loot by memory and his piece of map, but he was recognized, and died in a gunfight.

Today, somewhere across the Border near El Tigre, the stolen fortune still lies buried.



JUL 14 1948

